

I Know Not

-by Brian Edwards

These voices

Never sleep

But rise from the depths

Of imagined silence

Spilling out

Into our world

Other worlds

When some of us

Become entangled

When the moon

Seems so familiar

And we see the stars

That we will never fully count

Our placid islands

Seem to fade away

And the hours

Take us further into night

Drifting away

Drifting away

Any bit of serenity

Lingering of the day

Time unfrozen
Yet rigid as stone
Alone would I
More gladly be
Though I am not alone

The voices
Are all around me
The voices
That in their intrusion
Violate.....
The very mind and soul

And I know nothing
Of this phenomenon
I know nothing
Of the origins
Of these voices
Stealing sanity
From the dark depths
Or wastelands of ice

I know not
I know not

-August 8, 2018